

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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NEW YEAR, BE GOOD TO ENGLAND

NEW YEAR, be good to England. Bid her name
Shine sunlike as of old on all the sea:
Make strong her soul: set all her spirit free:
Bind fast her home-born foes with links of shame:
More strong than iron and more keen than flame:
Seal up their lips for shame's sake: so shall she
Who was the light that lightened freedom be,
For all false tongues, in all men's eyes the same.

A. C. Swinburne

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE PEACE?

Who Is Thinking of the Great Power That Will Be In Our Hands?

But thou rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine. The single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

OUR work is ours, and we must do it. The trumpet call of Tennyson comes to us from that great hour in human history when the unity of the English-speaking peoples was broken by a German king: it comes to us like an inspiration 160 years after, when the Mother is fighting for her life and the Daughter is the greatest power on earth. Upon them both rests the grave responsibility for saving all that is sane and clean and noble and just in the life of mankind.

The Rulers and the People

The history of 1940 has told us already that we shall do it, but it is a long, long trail that lies before us. We have been too long unfaithful to the highest that we know. We have slept too long while the powers of evil have grown strong. It is one of the lessons we have learned that peace does not come by waiting for it; it does not come alone by fighting for it; it comes as an oak tree comes, by sowing the seed from which it grows.

WE are not to be deceived by the resounding triumphs that have sent a thrill through the hearts of men too long suffering in the shadows of defeat, but it is never too soon to think of peace. We have to plan ahead, says the Prime Minister, for 1943 and 1944; but we have to think ahead for 1950 and 1960 and the long years after that when this country will be in the hands of the little children running in our streets and the youth bewildered by the madness of this world.

The nation was never better led than now; would that it had been so wisely led for ten years past. Yet it is probably true that the Government lags behind the people in boldness and courage and the readiness to face the darkest hour that may befall. Have our rulers the indomitable spirit of the little streets? Are they willing to give up all, as these people have done? Are they ready to trust us as we are willing to be trusted?

War Aims and Peace Aims

Clearly not. It is a year and more since the Government took us over, we ourselves and all we have and are, yet it has been afraid to use us. It took over every bit of property in the land, yet it has been afraid to move an iron railing when the factories were crying for it. It has been afraid to tax us to the hilt. It has been afraid to order us to do this and that. It has asked us and begged us and appealed to us, but it has not believed, as John Milton and John Ruskin believed, that this people was ready to lay all it has on the Altar of Freedom, to give up life itself if need be, to save the things that are more than life.

WE have never lived for ourselves alone, and after centuries of building up freedom to the ends of the earth we are too old to begin the little selfish way of life. If our Government will take us and make us into instruments of liberty, pillars of freedom, sustainers of the nation's strength, and shapers of the better days, we are all ready. It is not our purpose now to save some little

privilege, some ancient prejudice, some small advantage over our neighbour; let them go, if we can make a better world for all of us and end the miseries and injustices, the callousness and pettiness, which drive peace out of the world and build up hate where love should be.

MEN talk of our war aims, but let us talk of peace aims. Let it resound throughout the world that we long for a Christian Civilisation in every land on earth. We mean by that a life based on humanity, and kindness, and opportunity, and truth, and justice, and the greatest of all these, charity.

It was the wisest man in Fleet Street who, in conversation with us the other day, was hoping that some great statement might be sent out by the Church of England saying what she stands for in the life of the world, and something like that has now been issued in the name of all our Churches, Anglican, Roman, and Nonconformist. It is a statement of Five Points, and well they go with the Five Points made by the Pope. They are far more important than the Fourteen Points drawn up by President Wilson and so faithlessly broken.

Ten Points

Let us put these Ten Points into our own language and see what they mean; they are ten foundation-stones for a better world, and come from the minds of the leaders of all our Churches.

These are the Five Points laid down by the Pope.

1. Every nation to have the right to its own way of life.
2. The stopping of the race of armaments, with all the slavery it brings.
3. The setting-up of some legal institution to guarantee all this.
4. The establishment of confidence among all peoples so as to remove the causes of war.
5. The development among rulers and peoples of a sense of deep responsibility under the laws of God.

To these Five Points of last year the Pope has now added five more, declaring that any new order in Europe demands the triumph over hatred, the triumph over mistrust, the triumph over the idea that might is right, the triumph over seeds of conflict in the economic field, the triumph over the spirit of cold egoism which easily leads to the violation of other people's rights.

These are the Five Points laid down by the leaders of our own Churches.

1. The extreme inequalities of wealth to be abolished.
2. Every child to have an equal opportunity of education suited to its peculiar capacity.
3. The idea of the family to be safeguarded.
4. The sense of the divinity in a man must be restored to his daily work.
5. The riches of earth belong to all and should be used for the good of all.



THE NATION'S WATCHMAN AT THE
BACK DOOR OF NUMBER TEN

When God shakes a kingdom, says Milton, He raises up men of rare abilities to win new steps in the discovery of Truth. We must believe that these ten steps towards a happier world come as an inspiration from such men. They stand for human right as it has been accepted by the wisest minds of all ages, and their accomplishment is well within the range of our powers when victory comes.

THE great heart of the common peoples of the world has always been longing for peace. In spite of gangsters, churls, dictators, and renegades, the uncounted millions of mankind in every land wish only to live quietly and as friendly neighbours with each other. Everywhere the Christian basis of civilisation is accepted by the ordinary folk of the world, of whatever race or faith or colour they may be. Everywhere it is recognised that no nation should have the power to deprive another nation of its share of natural possessions. Everywhere it is felt that war is an evil which can only be justified in defence of a nation's right to live. It is the accursed thing.

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WHEN FRANCE WAS NOT QUITE LOST

LORD MOTTISTONE, one of our most distinguished public men in peace or in war, has been recalling a thrilling story of a Frenchman of the nobler days of France. It was in the last war, when all was nearly lost—but not quite lost.

Lord Mottistone was then known as General Seely and he remembers seeing a man with grey hair standing on the parapet of a trench, shouting to his comrades to come forward and see an enemy's stronghold which was in a position to attack the whole line. The man had been wounded at close range and his face was covered with blood, but he led the assault and saved the day. General Seely noticed that the man was a lance-corporal and wore no decoration, and that night he told Marshal Foch of what he had seen.

The day came when the battle for the Channel ports was ended and Marshal Foch himself pinned the Croix de Guerre to the lance-corporal's coat in the presence of his comrades.

In a little speech the Marshal said he regretted that he could not get the corporal the Legion of Honour for the following reason:

Your brave comrade is known to you as Lance-Corporal X, for he enlisted as a private of the proper military age on the first day of war.

He must now be revealed to you as none other than Colonel X, who received the Legion of Honour and other decorations for signal valour in the African campaign of thirty years ago.

With regard to his statement of age, I know that Le Bon Dieu will forgive him.

For Prisoners and Captives

The immensity of the territory at present in German occupation makes difficult the task of those entrusted with the conveyance of parcels to members of the British forces whom the collapse of France caused to fall into Nazi hands. The route over which such comforts must travel is long and circuitous, the obstacles many and grievous.

But the gifts will arrive, especially those subscribed for by London policemen, who are sending a penny a week per man to the British Red Cross for

the purpose. The men lying in German concentration camps know they are not forgotten; they know that in a beautiful service of prayer in our churches they are specially named in the Litany:

That it may please Thee to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives, we beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

So the prayer rises from multitudes of worshippers while the gifts of remembrance and succour travel by sea and land to their goal.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE PEACE?

Continued from page 1

First pursued as a policy for building up empires by conquest, and now renounced by civilised nations except for defence against barbarians, war is on the edge of a precipice and needs only to be toppled over when peace comes back. It is for us to use our powers to end it.

If there are nations who are not to be trusted, they must be prevented from war-making until they are wiser. It may be that the powers of liberty will need a force to protect them abroad, as the powers of justice need a force to protect them at home, and if so the force must be set up. It may be that some economic parliament will be needed to safeguard a fairer distribution of the riches of the world, and there is no difficulty in that.

THE moral basis of the union of the English-speaking peoples will secure a generous flow of reasoned justice and equal enjoyment of possessions for all. Labour will be sure of its reward. Knowledge will be widespread in all lands. The wireless stations of the world will send out news without bias and a ceaseless flow of goodwill. Nation will speak peace unto nation, and the day

will be gone for ever when mushroom upstarts can deflect the march of man by making wars built up on lies. The pagan education of millions of youthful Nazis and Mussis must be undone or kept within bounds until it crumbles, and education must be harnessed with the faith that moves mountains.

IF we have faith we can do these things. We can avoid the errors of the past, and step by step bring mankind back to reason, sanity, and prosperity.

We must bring back the Liberalism that has been dying in the world, pull down the tariff walls, set trade in full swing, give all men work to do, sweep away disease and ignorance and slums, send travellers round the world again, stop fooling on the films and use them wisely, drive narrowness from our pulpits and pedantry from our schools and slavery from our factories, and give all peoples something fine to live for, something fit to die for. Our War Aim is to drive devilry from Europe and end the reign of blackguards. Our Peace Aim is to make life nobler, broader, fairer for the common folk who are our brothers and our sisters everywhere. **Arthur Mea**

A Boy's Goodbye to His Sister

This is the Goodbye letter of a boy of 15 to his sister of 9, who has gone to America.

I am writing to say Goodbye and good luck to you in America and for your journey there.

On the journey you must be good and obey anything you are told by Aunt. If the ship is, by any chance, torpedoed by a German submarine (which would be very unlikely), you must calmly and without any panic double or walk quickly to your boat station. Also don't forget your lifebelt or life-jacket. And if your boat capsizes you must hang on tight, as it will float even if upside down, as its air tanks will keep it afloat. If anyone is downhearted tell them they will not drown, as the Royal Navy will save them in time.

Finally, in any difficulty remember who your father was. He would not shrink from any peril or danger on land, on the sea, or in the air.

Remember our thoughts will be with you in America, so try to write to us and we will do the same. If any American boy or girl says England is a wet country, sock, punch, or biff them, however big they are! Don't call them rude names or anything. Don't listen to any news that says London has been razed to the ground, or that Britain has been beaten. It is obviously German lies.

LORD HALIFAX

Never before in the history of ambassadors have we sent to America two such men in succession as Lord Lothian and Lord Halifax, and the compliment of sending our Foreign Secretary to Washington has not been overlooked across the sea.

There can be no doubt that the sterling character of Lord Halifax will make a deep impression on Anglo-American relations at this critical time. In Washington it is the spiritual significance of the war that is uppermost, and no better man to stress this could have been chosen. Like Lord Lothian, Lord Halifax believes that men's destinies are in the Hand of God, and that it is righteousness that exalteth a nation.

The Terrier Shows the Way

Mrs Rowntree Clifford tells the story of a terrier racing to be first on the spot after the fall of a bomb.

Whining and scratching desperately, just stopping now and then to sniff, he goes on and on until he can lick a tiny hand coming up through the hole. So the way was shown to the squad of workers to get out three small lads, who were led away with their dog to be cared for after their night's experience.

What a memory to go with them through life!

THINGS SEEN

A WHITE blackbird with not one black feather, in Regent's Park.

Notice on a cottage door in a Derbyshire village:

We wash soldiers' socks and mend them free. Please come in, as I am deaf.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

THE gown worn by the Queen when she visited the Canadian Senate with the King more than a year ago has been presented to Canada for preservation in the public archives.

A book bearing Oliver Cromwell's signature has been sold at Sotheby's for £36.

A balloon trailing its cable, having fouled and cut off the electricity supply at Helsinki and other places in Finland, was captured 30 miles away.

Growers are to be asked to plant 14,000 more acres of onions.

Skilled French workers who refuse to go to Germany are deprived of their food ration cards.

One of the feats of endurance involved in the remarkable forward march of our troops in the Western Desert was for the men to lie perfectly still on the sands through all the hours of daylight.

In one of the bombed towns of the Midlands two women were rescued alive after being buried for three days.

THE American Red Cross has sent 3,000 heating stoves and 3,000 cooking stoves to be used in our emergency hospitals, rest centres, first-aid posts, and medical units of the Army.

As a "humble tribute to the gallantry of the people of London" the Canadian Fish and Cold Storage Company have sent 25,000 lbs of fish for the victims of German bombing.

The people of Pitcairn Island have made hundreds of walking sticks for our wounded soldiers.

A great order received for 100 million yards of cloth has come to Lancaster, and will absorb 40 million pounds of yarn.

In one London district 225 stray cats were rescued in two days by the RSPCA.

Our women land-workers now approach 10,000, and it is hoped to increase them to aid the nation's food production.

Scout and Guide News Reel

A 12-YEAR-OLD Scout of Hampstead arrives each night at a local public shelter armed with a pump; his daily good turn is to blow up the air cushions and mattresses of his fellow shelterers.

Boy Scouts of India have sent 1827 rupees to the Indian Red Cross Fund as a first instalment.

Camden, Philadelphia, was run entirely by Scouts for one day, when they took over the offices of Mayor, City Commissioners, Fire and Police Chief, and Police Court Judge.

Scoutmaster F. Beagles has received the Bronze Cross, the Boy Scouts' highest award for

Three times in three weeks 50 £1 notes, with a letter signed "A Helper," have been found in the letter-box of the Fleetwood Fishing Industry Benevolent Fund; the letter asking that the money be spent on comforts for Fleetwood fishermen's families.

A factory in the South of England has one of the few all-women fire brigades. Two teams of eight volunteers are fully trained in the higher forms of fire-fighting, and work many kinds of extinguisher.

THE call for people to protect themselves against diphtheria has been well answered by Chester, with 45 per cent of its children inoculated.

A cheque for £500 as an interest-free war loan from a Johannesburg schoolboy has been received by Mr Hefmeyr, the South African Finance Minister.

The DSM of the Girls Life Brigade has been awarded to Hester Cullen, of the 51st Birmingham Company, for gallantry, she having caught sounds from beneath the debris of a bombed house, rescued the injured, and given first aid.

The Lord Mayor of London has received a gift of £10,000 for his Air-Raid Distress Fund from an unknown Canadian.

Flax is to be grown in the parklands in front of Parliament House at Canberra.

AT a cost of £90,000, fifty million ration books weighing 1000 tons are being distributed by the Post Office.

Aluminium enough to make 500 planes has been reclaimed from Army kitchens.

The Italian Government is trying to stop the showing of the film of the Great Dictator.

Mr Anthony Eden has again become Foreign Secretary, in succession to Lord Halifax.

gallantry; his courage and disregard for his own safety have resulted in many rescues from bombed premises.

GLASGOW Guides have organised a hostel and canteen for service women passing through the city.

Ninety war service badges, each representing 96 hours of voluntary national service, have been earned by Hertfordshire Guides.

The 5th Port of Spain Rangers, Trinidad, sent to Guide headquarters £5, the proceeds of a concert, to provide wool which crippled or blind Guides will knit for the Forces.

A Tale From an Engine

THE small boy, tightly holding his mother's hand, was seeing his father off to the war. They stood on the station platform, a rather unhappy group. It was a sad parting, and the little fellow, it seemed, took it to heart most of all, for he burst into tears and no amount of comforting could make him smile.

His father tried to joke with him. His mother allowed him to put a penny in a slot machine, but all to no purpose. The boy was broken-hearted.

At this moment the driver of the LNER engine 5853 came to the rescue. "Good afternoon, sir," said he, touching his cap as he addressed this very little

boy. "Care to have a look round the engine?"

The boy stared. Was the driver teasing him, he wondered. But no, the driver meant it, and hand in hand the two went up to the engine to inspect it. The small boy, allowed to touch the levers and wheels and gadgets, forgot his tears when the furnace door was opened and he was ordered to throw in more coal so that the train might pull hard all the way; and when at last the driver allowed him to blow the engine whistle just before the train steamed out his joy knew no bounds.

It was a smiling little son the soldier left behind.

This Kind World

A young New Zealand war nurse has been keeping a diary, and here is a page from it which we gladly place on record.

THE boys are really marvellous. They never complain and are always cheerful. Always they say they don't mind how hard they work or what they have to put up with. We have had a few Germans to look after and they were good patients, too. The most touching thing I have seen concerned one of them.

A batch of Tommies were getting ready for embarkation to England. All our boys had a parcel from home or a little present from someone—a razor, shaving soap, chocolate—at least something. There was one German, and he, of course, had no present, so one of our boys quietly slipped out and bought him something. By this time I am pretty hardened, but it brought tears to my eyes. I couldn't help it.

HAGGIS

Greece is much in the news just now, and it may be interesting to note that the home of the wonderful fighters who are keeping the Italians on the run has an unexpected link with Scotland.

It seems that haggis, which everyone imagined to belong exclusively to Scotland, originated in Greece. The Greeks call it koilaprobatis, and have known and enjoyed it so long that even Aristophanes mentions it.

A CUP OF WATER IN HIS NAME

Every day for many years Miss Ora Hill used to walk through the zoo grounds in St Louis on her way to work. In the hot weather she felt sorry for the long queues of people waiting at a fountain for a drink, and thought how lovely it would be to present the zoo with a new fountain. So she began to save her pennies, and the other day a fine fountain, presided over by a seated figure of Mark Twain, was opened to a grateful public.

BOMBED OUT

From the Midlands comes this odd story of what happened one terrible night.

Several people were in a hotel when the Germans paid an unwelcome visit to the town. Scores of bombs were dropped, one wrecking the hotel.

No one was hurt, but everyone thought it high time to escape, though the floors had fallen in, and windows and doors were all barred by broken beams and twisted metal.

In this dilemma the only thing to do was to wait for the rescue squad, but suddenly a heavy thud told them that another bomb had hit the hotel. As if by a miracle everyone again escaped, and presently the astonishing discovery was made that the second bomb had blown the front door and a heap of rubble out of the way, and all could walk out to safety.

THE PROUD SHEPLEYS

Very moving is the record of the Shepley family of Woodthorpe Hall, near Sheffield.

One daughter was drowned while on her way to continue her war-work overseas. One son was killed in the air near Dunkirk. Now another son, Pilot Officer Douglas Shepley, has lost his life, coming to grief when his Spitfire crashed in the English Channel.

Sorrows have crowded into Woodthorpe Hall, but Douglas Shepley's mother and widow have changed their sorrow into service, working almost night and day to raise funds for another Spitfire. Proud they are to have sent Lord Beaverbrook a cheque for £5,700 for a new fighter which is to be named Shepley.

COINCIDENCE

Quite recently a Canadian soldier in Scotland was at a loss to know what to do with his time off duty. Sauntering down a street, he stopped a man on the pavement and said, "Excuse me, sir. Could you tell me where I can get a cup of tea?"

"Why, certainly," replied the gentleman. "Come along home."

Together they went to the friendly Scottish home, where they made the astonishing discovery that the Scotsman was entertaining his own nephew, the son of his sister who had emigrated to Canada 30 years before.

Yorkshire Laddie

LADDIE is a Sheffield dog whose master left him behind the other day when he went to Tideswell in a friend's car.

Laddie had often been with his master by bus, but was left at home this morning because he was lame and because the journey was by car. But Laddie was uneasy, and limped his way to the bus, jumping on and taking his place like a human passenger.

Knowing Laddie well, and seeing that he was alone, the conductor paid his fare, and at the stopping-place the dog jumped off and made his way to the spot where he knew he would find his master. They met in the market, and Mr Watts the butcher is more convinced than ever that he has the most marvellous dog in the world, while Laddie is more convinced than ever that he has the kindest master.

NOW AND THEN

Yorkshire folk are always cautious, but it looks as if at least one old dalesman expects to live to see peace again.

A few days ago he bought an electric torch at the village store. It had frosted glass. "It doesn't look right, somehow," he said.

The storekeeper explained that the torch had frosted glass in order to comply with the Black-out regulations.

"Aye," said the dalesman, "that's all right, but how shall I get on when the war's over?"

LAUNDRY BASKET FOR THE HOMELESS

Miss Florence Hawkey, a Sunderland laundry worker, suggested to her employer that the firm's stock of unclaimed articles should be sent to London for distribution among homeless people. Now her idea has grown into a national scheme. Laundries joining in will also launder and send off garments given by householders.

HOME GUARD

It was while a handsome pair of bullfinches were looking round for material to build a nest that the bright red of a woolly rug attracted their attention.

The very thing! But there was a snag. The rug lay on the floor just inside an open French window, where two humans were sitting looking out on the lawn.

The birds hesitated. It was risky. But they decided to chance it, and while Mr Finch kept guard from the edge of the verandah his wife hopped boldly forward and began picking away at the soft wool. When she had picked as much as she could carry she flew off, to come back again for more.

Three times this happened, the birds as calm and confident as if the humans had not been there, and then they disappeared for good in the shrubbery.

FOUR MEN IN A BOAT

Four 20th-century Vikings arrived in the New World not long ago after one of the most exciting ocean voyages imaginable.

They were young Norwegians, who sailed from Christiansund to New York in a 38-foot sailing boat. By tricking the Nazis into thinking they wanted to sail up to Trondheim the daring young men secured a permit to sail there through the minefields, but on reaching Bergen they headed west. It was so rough in the North Sea that they did not sight a warship or aeroplane. At the Faroes they turned south-west, and settled down to hope for the best. After 34 days they arrived in New York, and today all these Vikings are working for the Norwegian Government in Canada.



The R A F Afloat

The R A F shows its speed on the water, as well as in the air, with its launches which are sent out to the rescue of flying-men forced down at sea. This launch is on duty in the Middle East; it has wireless, and life-saving and medical equipment

THE BLACKOUT GUIDE

In Amsterdam during the Black-out it is possible to telephone for the services of a capable lad with a torch and a first-rate knowledge of the city. A woman who happens to be alone, or anyone who is elderly can be safely conducted to a destination. The service is popular.

WELLINGTON MAN CALLING

We love that story of the Peninsular War according to which a British officer, urging his men to the attack, cried, "What, will you men who live on beef be beaten by those rascals who live on oranges?"

Our views of diet have changed since the days when meat was regarded as a chief essential of diet, and when men who ate and drank too much were old at fifty. With saner views and better knowledge of foods, we value fruit higher.

The Ministry of Food, some think, are too much of the mind of the officer who scouted oranges, and too much inclined to shut out the apple and the banana. Ship space must, of course, be the deciding factor, but fruit should not be relegated to a minor place.

THE SANE HATTER

We have long heard about the Mad Hatter, but now, it seems, a very sane hatter in a mad world has had his joke. His shattered window is in a well-known London street, and on a card are the words: Now, more than ever, your head needs protection.

Daddy is Home Again

I was in my church and a little boy walked in, and was soon lost in prayer. He remained on his knees, and I marvelled at him. As he went out I asked him if he often came here. To which he replied, "Five times in the last six days." I asked if he had some relations fighting at Dunkirk. He replied, "Yes, my Daddy; but he came home this morning, and so I just came in here to thank God."

The Rector of Woolwich

A WONDERFUL NEW GLASS

Glass which can be cut with a sharp knife and will not break, but merely tears like a piece of cloth, seems too good to be true; but it has made its appearance from a London firm in Glass-house Street, and is of particular interest at this time, for the blast from a bomb seems merely to dislodge the glass from the window-frame in one whole piece.

It does not splinter or crack like ordinary glass. Although not completely transparent, it is perfectly translucent and gives a nice, diffused light. It is made of woven glass fibres impregnated with a synthetic resin.

AT YORK

A long troop-train pulled into York station. Tea-wagons were pushed up to the windows so that the soldiers might buy food.

One wagon was hustled along by a captain, the other by a general, and nobody thought it odd for the "brass-hats" to serve the privates.

A KNOWING BIRD

Judge Batts's home in Austin, Texas, is always packed with visitors, who fill the gardens with songs of joy as they build homes and raise their young.

All the birds for miles round know the judge as their friend, and that where he is no evil can befall.

The other day a little wren set up housekeeping in a corner of the verandah, and after she had flown away with her offspring the judge went to look at the nest. He found that it was perched on two books—A Key to American Birds and Chapman's Bird Life.

The mother had seen to it that her chicks had a good start in life!

PRESIDENT RYTI

The Peasant President of Finland, M. Kallio, who led the people in their heroic resistance to Russia, has passed away, and the new President is Dr Risto Ryti, who is just over 50, has been Prime Minister and State Bank Governor, and is a Liberal. President Kallio was 67, and though a farmer's son he made his home a centre of culture and was universally beloved.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



COAL

WE have plenty of coal, and many miners unemployed, yet certain localities have coal shortages. When transport is blamed the railways retort that the coal merchants are to blame. They more than hint that if the coal merchants would unload they would quickly get more.

Whatever the cause, it is for the Ministry of Transport to solve the problem. We have a hard winter to get through, and it is scandalous that a purely domestic and essential product of our own country should be anywhere unobtainable.

Be of Good Cheer

ONE of the great duties of 1941 is cheerfulness. We must be optimists in the Year of Victory.

No two of us are alike, but if two people could be found identical in body and brain, in experience and knowledge, and if one were cheery and the other discontented, the cheery one would be a far greater asset to the community than the grumbler. For cheerfulness generates energy, and energy is what we need in wartime, when there is so much to sap our strength, paralyse effort, and tempt us into the dangerous belief that nothing matters.

Keeping cheerful is more than ever a duty now. Only a cheerful people can hope to win; and so true is this that going about with a dismal face and a poor spirit is as bad as a light in the Blackout.

The Red Berries

WE read in a grown-up newspaper that we are to have a hard winter because there are so many red berries in the hedges.

It is, of course, absurd: the red berries are evidence of past weather, not of the future.

Song of the Scrap Heap

SING a song of salvage
Will make old Hitler cry,
Four and twenty meat bones
Hanging out to dry.
Soon instead of meat bones
There's fat, manure, and glue.
Isn't it amazing what the
Sunday joint will do?

Unused Treasure

ONE of our old friends, who has as close a knowledge as any man of the value of our stored-up treasures, writes to tell us something of the treasure of our churches.

They will have great need of money when victory comes, and it is interesting to know that some of them have great wealth to draw upon. Five churches alone known to our friend have plate lying unused in the Bank of England which would today realise at a sale as much as £40,000 or £50,000. Altogether, it is thought, the plate belonging to our churches and not in use must be worth millions.

Lady Indomitable

WE remember that the first war story we printed on this page was of an old lady of 82 who, walking about in North London during the first air raid Alert, drew a warden's attention to the people about and said, "Don't you think those people should be indoors?"

Looking from an upper window, a neighbour called out to her, "Mrs —, are you alone?" and the answer came, "Well, there's nobody else in the house, but I am not alone."

We have further news of this indomitable old lady. The roof of her bungalow was smashed through by a bomb and the rain poured in, but she refused to leave. She would go from room to room finding a dry spot, and in reply to the anxious wardens would say, "Hitler can't kill me. Move for him? Not I. I stay here till we have won the war." Yet at times she must wonder if she really will stay till then, for on the table in the kitchen the wardens found her will, with a note attached to it saying, "If Hitler should kill me, please get in touch with —"

We do not think Hitler will kill her, and we pray that she may live to see the peace she longs for, the peace her son fought for, and which is most surely coming.

JUST AN IDEA

How true it is, as we were reading the other day, that the richest blessings of our lives are often those which cost us least.

Under the Editor's Table

RIBBENTROP'S son went to school in England. If they would send Hitler we would soon teach him.

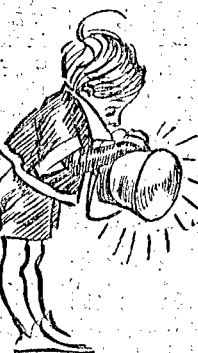
THE colour of khaki has been standardised. It is a uniform shade.

A LIBRARIAN complains that many subscribers do not return the volumes they borrow. Must all be bookkeepers.

MANY trains still have bad lighting. But they turn up at the stations.

IF he cannot get fruit the dieting man still has a few things up his sleeve. Joints?

Peter Puck
Wants to Know



If hard-up tailors take measures to help each other

DOGS cannot see more than a few hundred yards. Some men can't see beyond their nose.

SOME evacuees don't want to go back to London after the war. They are after something better.

VEGETARIANS are threatened with a nut shortage. But they can still screw up their courage.

THE modern house displays too many pipes. Nobody plays on them.

A MAN says he objects to having a mortgage on his house. Prefers tiles?

THE GREAT IMAGINATION OF THE GREEKS

WE were writing here not long ago of the imagination of the ancient Greeks, brought to mind by the unimaginable deeds of the modern Greeks; and asked for some examples of imagery in our own literature.

We have received none that is considered entitled to the prize we offered; but it is interesting to note that among those sent in is the magnificent description of the city of gold in Revelation, and the impressive lines by Addison, who put them on the lips of Cato as he sits with Plato's book on Immortality in his hand, contemplating his own destruction. This is what he says, addressing his own soul:

*The Soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.*

One or two other examples occur to us in addition to those we gave. Prometheus stealing fire from heaven to give to man; Pandora's Box in which were all the evils that affect mankind; the hundred eyes of Argus, who never shut more than two at a time; the deities who held the thread of life, which nothing could prevent them from cutting when the hour came; the Elysian Fields where joy came to the guiltless, and the River Lethe, where the souls of those returning to earth drank oblivion of their former life; the power of Venus to glide gently over the flowers so that they quivered into bloom at the touch of her feet.

Perhaps we may think that this imagination of the Greeks was equalled in fact by the Roman idea at the Feast of Saturnalia, when slaves and masters changed places for one day. Perhaps we may include in this group of imaginative ideas the Shakespeare conception of Patience on a monument, smiling at grief, and Jane Austen's nervous old lady who rolled an orange under her bed before she got into it!

A Word From the Bible

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. Proverbs 25, 25

O FATHER of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee,
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty. Henry Vaughan



Jimmy London Goes to the Country

A happy little four-year-old with the delightful name Jimmy London chats with a soldier over a cup of tea while waiting to leave a London station for a safer area in the country.

Colour Television is Marching On

THE great work of building up the future goes on in spite of war; knowledge grows while destruction rages all about us.

It is thrilling to learn that Mr J. L. Baird, the brilliant young Scotsman who gave the world television, is carrying on his research with some success though with much difficulty. In his laboratory at Sydenham he has now developed what he believes will be a practicable basis of television in colour.

Already, in theory Mr Baird has achieved this striking success, but he finds that the colours are crude and his system needs development on a wider scale than is possible in a studio.

Mr Baird is working on the original spotlight system with which he has been experimenting for eighteen months, and he has introduced a 600-line scanning with a picture frequency of 25

a second, giving good definition and almost free from flickering.

On the technical side it should be explained that the light from a cathode ray tube is intercepted by a revolving disc with coloured filters, and after passing through this disc a spot of light is projected on to the scene which is to be televised. These spots of coloured light, as they fall on the scene, operate photo-electric cells highly sensitive to colour.

The screen receives the pictures superimposed upon each other as in colour printing, so that the blue-green and red of the revolving disc blend to form the complete picture.

It is probable that but for the war Mr Baird would by this time have established a perfect colour system of television; but, war or no war, his work goes on, and will bear its fruit when Hitler and his gangsters are no more.

Road Across the Roof of the World

A motor road across the Pamir Mountains, the so-called Roof of the World, has recently been opened to traffic. The road, 352 miles long, links the town of Khorog with Stalinabad, the capital of the Soviet Republic of Tajikistan in Central Asia.

It was built in 100 days by 22,000 collective farmers, and crosses the Khabu-Rabad Pass in the Pamirs at a height of over two miles above sea-level. The builders had to work where the foot of man had never trod, to cross turbulent rivers, inaccessible gorges, hundreds of perilous precipices, and literally to blast their way through solid rock. More than 176 million cubic feet of ground had to be shifted, half of it rock.

The building of the road was started on the farmers' own initiative. They felt that the lack of roads was a hindrance to their economic and cultural development. Formerly supplies were carried to the district by camels, horses, and aeroplanes, and then only in the short summer of three months; now motor services will be maintained throughout the year.

The new road also opens up prospects for the exploitation of the immense natural resources of the Pamirs.

The Marvellous Answer to Prayer

WE have been looking into the report of the Orphan Homes of Scotland, founded 70 years ago by William Quarrier, and it is thrilling to find that they have a favourable balance in all their departments for 1940. In four separate funds the income has exceeded the expenditure by nearly £6000.

We have called it thrilling, though it may seem a small thing; but indeed it is a great encouraging fact of these days, for no money is ever begged for these Homes, and the whole of their vast income (nearly £100,000) comes as an answer to prayer.

Altogether in their seventy years the Homes have received in answer to prayer over three million pounds sterling.

The Best Poor Boy Story

There are 1460 orphans in the Homes, and we warmly commend them to the kind hearts of C.N. readers everywhere. Clearly more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

Wherefore, let thy voice rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer.

Both for themselves and those who call them friends?

For so the whole round earth is every way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

The life of the founder of these Homes is one of the best poor boy stories in the world. On September 29, 1829, the wife of a ship's carpenter named Quarrier had a son and christened him William. They lived in a poor part of Greenock.

Three years later the carpenter died, and the widow started a little shop; but, like most little shops with no capital behind them, it failed.

From the plain cottage home they moved to a slum room in Gorbals, where they lived from hand to mouth and were often desperately hungry and cold. The widow got sewing to do for the factories, but could not make enough to pay for rent, bread, and clothing, and her little boy helped; at six he was a factory hand.

From ten to twelve hours a day he worked in a pin factory, and on Saturday was rewarded with a shilling.

The Sheep on a Thousand Hills

WHEN wool was our chief export it used to be said that sheep carried England on their backs. Today the Government finds that the mountain sheep must be carried in part by the nation.

Times are hard and difficulties many with our hill farmers; wages are up, and the ploughing of lowland pastures has lessened winter grazing resources. So farmers are to be paid 2s 6d for each of their female mountain sheep, lest this precious breed should be permitted to die out.

Sheep of this breed were always famous for quality, as

One day when he was eight, and walking barefoot through the streets of Glasgow, having had nothing to eat for a day and a half, he looked at the people going by and wondered why they did not help him. "If ever I have any money," said little William Quarrier, "I will help poor children." He kept his word.

He became a cobbler, and because he worked so hard and knew how to go hungry he saved enough to start a small business at 23. His master's daughter waited ten years till he could afford to marry her. The shop prospered and grew into many shops.

It was Quarrier's dream to save £20,000 to start an orphanage, but soon he saw that it would take a very long time, and meanwhile children were in bitter need.

"I will start my orphanage now," said William Quarrier, "and I will pray for the money to carry it on."

So the Orphan Homes began, in 1871, with one modest house. William Quarrier and his helpers resolved never to beg, send out collectors, or advertise, and never to run into debt. They have simply dreamed and prayed, and their dream has come true, their prayers have been answered.

A Big Family

One day Quarrier was asked to go to see a poor old washer-woman living in one room. He thought she wanted help, for she had worked at half-a-crown a day till she was too weak to work any more. But she drew from various parts of her dress banknotes which she tossed to him with a chuckle. "Count it!" she said. It was her life savings of £1600, for the orphans!

Now there is a big town at Bridge of Weir composed of cottages where about 1500 children live in family groups. Eventually they go to a branch of the Home in Canada.

On the same foundation of prayer William Quarrier established the first free sanatorium in Scotland and a Colony of Mercy where poor epileptic men, women, and children are treated.

Mr Quarrier died in 1904, but his daughter has carried on his work. It is a very great work, merciful beyond words, and marvellous it is to think that it was begun by a man, who came out of the slums of Glasgow, a bare-footed baby of six, to work in a factory at a shilling a week.

declared in the poet's version of an old border raider's decision:

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter.

During the last war the Germans carried off both hill sheep and valley sheep from what is now Jugo-Slavia, and English farmers restocked the pastures with sheep for the mountain-sides, for the foothills, and for rough lowland pastures. It would be strange if we had to replenish our own flocks from Jugo-Slav descendants of those evacuees of 1919.

OUR THOUGHTS AND OUR LIVES

ALL that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him. Buddhist saying

Still More Majestic Thou Shalt Rise

THE nations not so blessed as thee Must in their turns to tyrants fall, While thou shalt flourish great and free, The dread and envy of them all. Still more majestic thou shalt rise, More dreadful from each foreign stroke, As the loud blast that tears the skies Serves but to root thy native oak. Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame; All their attempts to bend thee down Will but arouse thy generous flame To work their woe and thy renown. James Thomson

WOVEN INTO OTHERS

THE whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men, and their story is not graven only on a stone over their native symbol, but woven into the stuff of other men's lives. Pericles

Nature's Sleepless Ministers Move On

ONE lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee, One lesson which in every wind is blown; One lesson of two duties kept at one Though the loud world proclaim their enmity.

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity! Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows

Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose, Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!

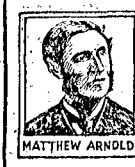
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring, Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil, Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting; Still working, blanning still our vain turmoil, Labourers that shall not fail when man is gone. Matthew Arnold

THE PRAYER OF LADY JANE GREY

O MERCIFUL GOD, be Thou unto me a strong tower of defence, I humbly entreat Thee.

Give me grace to await Thy leisure, and patiently to bear what Thou doest unto me; nothing doubting or mistrusting Thy goodness towards me; for Thou knowest what is good for me better than I do. Therefore do with me in all things what Thou wilt; only arm me, I beseech Thee, with Thine armour, that I may stand fast, above all things, taking to me the shield of faith; praying always that I may refer myself wholly to Thy will, abiding Thy pleasure, and comforting myself in those troubles which it shall please Thee to send me, seeing such troubles are profitable for me; and I am assuredly persuaded that all Thou doest cannot but be well; and unto Thee be all honour and glory. Amen



CARRY ON

An American Calling To Americans

WHO does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived by this land out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual, and moral truth from which we have drawn in England? Who does not know that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British Empire beats warm and full in the bosom of our ancestors, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here constantly found encouragement and countenance from the friends of liberty there? Who will ever forget that, in that eventful struggle which severed these youthful republics from the British crown, there was not heard throughout our continent

in arms a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America than that of Burke, or of Chatham, within the walls of the British Parliament and at the foot of the British throne?

I am not the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches nor awed by her power. But it is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, the often persecuted; it is the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed. It is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims.

I should think him cold in his love for his native land who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

Edward Everett

TIME'S WHEEL GOES SO FAST

WHEN I was young the days were long, O, long the days when I was young: So long from morn to evenfall As they would never end at all.

Now I grow old Time flies, alas! I watch the years and seasons pass. Time turns him with his fingers thin A wheel that whirls while it doth spin.

There is no time to take one's ease, For to sit still and be at peace: Oh, whirling wheel of Time, be still, Let me be quiet if you will!

Yet still it turns so giddily, So fast the years and seasons fly, Dazed with the noise and speed, I run And stay me on the Changeless One.

Slinking Out of the Race

I CANNOT praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.

John Milton

I stay myself on Him Who stays Ever the same through nights and days: The One Unchangeable for aye, That was and will be: the one Stay.

O'er whom Eternity will pass But as an image in a glass; To whom a million years are nought; I stay myself on a great Thought.

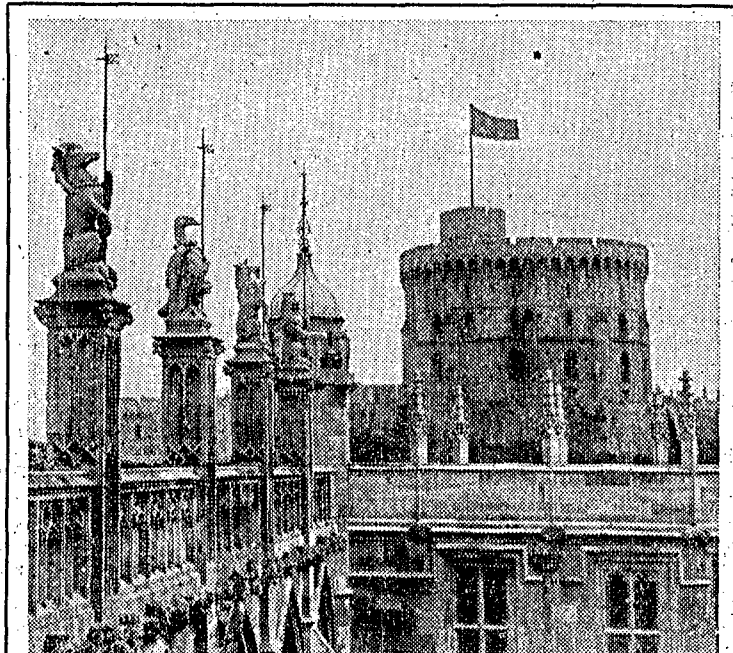
I stay myself on the great Quiet After the noises and the riot; As in a garnished chamber sit Far from the tumult of the street.

Oh, Wheel of Time, turn round apace! But I have found a resting-place, You will not trouble me again In the Great Peace where I attain.

Katharine Tynan

SLEEPING & WAKING

To Thee I do commend my watchful soul, Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes: Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! Shakespeare in Richard the Third



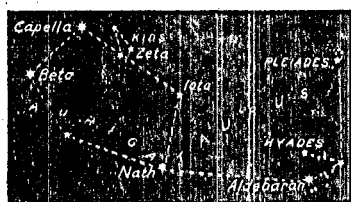
The Flag flies proudly over the Round Tower of Windsor Castle, with pinnacles of St George's Chapel in the foreground. The Round Tower, started by the Conqueror, was raised by Edward the Third, and it was once more heightened by George the Fourth. It rises 230 feet and the view from the top embraces 15 counties

THE BULL'S EYE AND THE GOAT STAR

Aldebaran and Capella Compared

THE brilliance of the Moon during next week (writes the C N Astronomer) will greatly dim all but the brightest stars; nevertheless, high in the east and south-east sky may be readily seen in the evening that singular arrangement of bright stars forming the constellation of Taurus, the Bull, and Auriga, the Waggoner or, preferably, the Shepherd with his Goat and Kids.

These two constellations are curiously linked together by the star Nath, which is known astronomically as Beta in Taurus and is



The chief stars of Auriga and Taurus showing Capella the Goat Star in relation to Aldebaran, the Bull's Eye

at the tip of the Bull's northern horn; but this star is also known as Gamma in Auriga, and as such represents the right foot of the Shepherd, the star Iota being his left foot. As a sun, however, Nath is an outlying member of the great Cluster of Orion.

To the eye all stars appear very much alike except for slight differences of colour and apparent brightness. Actually they vary about as much as possible both in substance and character. Some notable examples occur among the bright stars of these constellations. Aldebaran, for instance, is totally different from Capella, though the eye merely notes that one is reddish and the other yellowish. They appear about as bright and the difference in their distance is relatively not very great, Aldebaran being about 3,600,000 times farther than our Sun, while Capella is about 2,990,000 times farther.

Now, were it possible to get sufficiently near it would be found that Aldebaran was a colossal sun 32,928,000 miles in diameter (about 38 times the width of our Sun), a rapidly revolving sphere of highly attenuated fire-mist at a terrific heat of some 3400 degrees centigrade near the surface and much hotter in the depths below. This

glowing fire-mist which gives Aldebaran its familiar tint is in a state of raging fury as it whirls with super-hurricane force, in streams not very unlike the Earth's atmospheric currents, over the denser layers of heavier gases which are nearer to the interior of Aldebaran.

It is improbable that any part of Aldebaran is solid or even fluid except such fluidity as is produced by the weight of superimposed gases above, because, notwithstanding that sun's immensity, it has been calculated that Aldebaran contains only four times more material, by weight, than our relatively tiny Sun.

A World of the Future

Far away from Aldebaran is a much smaller and fainter companion sun appearing like a 13th magnitude star; it radiates only one-thousandth part of the light that our Sun does, while Aldebaran radiates 90 times more than our Sun. This body appears to be evolving into a world of the future.

Capella would present a totally different scene, for instead of one giant sun there are two very much smaller suns, resembling our Sun and about 79 million miles apart. Their diameters are between three and four times greater than our Sun, otherwise they are very similar, dense in substance and adorned with those great cyclonic storms we call sun-spots on our Sun. Moreover, a perpetual but ever-varying display of grand eruptive solar-fireworks, which on our Sun are known as prominences, adorns the suns of Capella on a far grander scale because of the great tidal disturbance each sun produces upon the other. Indeed, could we but see those suns as we see our own Sun through a spectroscopic, the scene would be superb and totally different from that presented by Aldebaran.

Such is Capella's twin-sun solar system, while in addition, at the enormous distance of 1,069,500 million miles are a couple of fiery planetary bodies which revolve round one another and both probably revolve round Capella's twin-suns. In the course of ages they will become worlds. There may be more members in Capella's solar system, but much greater telescopic powers will be needed for their revelation. G. F. M.

News From the Outback

DEAR EDITOR, I thought you might be interested to hear something about the children of the Australian Outback.

At the correspondence school where I am a typist I am in charge of the Junior Red Cross, which means that I write to many children living in the far places of Queensland. It is surprising the grasp these kiddies have on the world affairs.

One child who lives in a tent and is hundreds of miles from Brisbane knits squares to be sent to England to keep some child warm. This kiddie mentioned how terribly cold it is in Windorah, yet there she was, knitting away for someone else.

One lives in the farthest north cattle station of Queensland, and she, through the first-aid notes she received from the Red Cross, was able to save the life of her sister, who was bitten by a death adder.

Other children live in caravans, and one drives a truck in a travelling carnival.

All these children send in articles made by themselves. Some have

to do all their sewing by hand, and it is remarkable the work they get through.

One lives on a forestry reserve, and tells of the men having to fight fires there. Another, who is only ten and has had rheumatic fever twice, lives with her mother and father (who is having treatment for an injured spine) and a crippled uncle. This child has made two patchwork quilts of pieces of material which had been given to her for doll's dresses.

So, you see, the kiddies here are thinking of their brothers and sisters on the other side of the globe, and we hope that one day, when the present generation grow up to be the men and women of the world, they will still remember to help one another and so make the world a happier place. Margaret Henderson

THE HUMMING MILLS

An order for 1,500,000 Army greatcoats just placed by the Ministry of Supply will mean that over 70 firms will be engaged cutting up 7,000,000 yards of heavy cloth produced by Yorkshire mills.

Dinosaur Tracks For Sale

A STORY FROM THE SANDS OF TIME

The people of New England are getting quite used to walking on dinosaur tracks since the Nash brothers of South Hadley put them on the market. These enterprising young men sell them to museums, universities, and householders for book-ends, door-steps, and fireplaces!

When the New England hills were great muddy flats, millions of years ago, the dinosaur was making his footprints.

One day not long ago when Carlton Nash, a keen geologist, was walking near his home, he came upon an outcropping of grey shale which he at once recognised as being the solidified slabs of what had been the ancient mud floor. He always had his eyes open for fossils, and picked up a small piece of rock with a curious imprint in it, the toe-print of a dinosaur.

At the Waterhole

He hurried to tell his brother of the discovery, and the result was that they bought two acres of this land and set to work to uncover the shale. They found it under two feet of earth and ten inches of sandstone, and in the hard stone were huge three-toed tracks around what must have been a waterhole or a feeding-place. It was one of the biggest dinosaur beds ever discovered.

The brothers found a way of removing the petrified spools and making them into door-knockers, paper-weights, book-ends, or using them as a motif in flag-stone paths, bird baths, or fireplaces. The biggest track they have excavated is 17 inches long and 13 inches wide, while the smallest is about 2½ inches long. The other day they removed their 2000th footprint.



Queen Mary in Liverpool Cathedral

OUR SCHOOL GOES TO IT

By One of the Boys

OUR way of helping the country was going on in parties to help farmers.

We enrolled under our camping masters and used our camping outfit. Some went to Worcestershire to pick plums; as they worked on Pershore Eggs, we called them the Hens. Others went to Lancashire, picking peas for a big canning factory; they called us the Peashooters. As a matter of fact the peas were not quite ripe when we arrived, but weeds are always in season.

Hoeing the Turnips

It is one of the gardener's maxims, "When there's nothing else to do, hoe the weeds." The tramp who asked the old lady for a job and was told he might pick up the weeds asked, "But which is the weeds, Missis?" and her answer was: "Pick them all up, and those that come again are the weeds." It was much like that with the turnips. My lot were put on to hoe. The turnips were struggling against the weeds like Laocoon with the serpents.

I was glad when we started on the peas; you can't eat weeds. We worked in pairs and we were paid by piece-work. It is a bad pun, that, and I am not responsible for it.

The fellows who stopped at home to help the cooks were paid a fixed wage, but they had no chance for a canny. There were 112 in the party, and it was a case of mass-cooking—500 sausages to fry for breakfast and a hundredweight and a half of various vegetables to be peeled for dinner. No onions and no tears. Our Commandant, one of the masters who served in the last war, said we stowed away more than the Aldershot rations. The soldier's allowance is 1 lb of bread a day, but some of our gang tucked away

more than a pound of bread apiece at tea, let alone breakfast.

All the cooking was done on dioxies. We had to have all six dioxies on the fire at the same time, so our two trenches had to be six dioxies long. That gives you some idea of the scale of operations. The wash-up was a great set-out. Our camp bard thus apostrophised his job:

*O ye Gods and little fishes
What a multitude of dishes!*

Somehow he managed to dodge the greasies every time.

Air-raid alarms were frequent but distant. They had but little effect on our sleep and never interrupted our picking. On the whole, we were farther away from the war while we were on war work.

It was not all pea-picking. Various farmers used to come along in the evening and ask if we could spare a team for this or that odd job, and as they came again and again we cannot have done too badly. But pea-picking was the stand-by. We worked in pairs. Our champion pair would pick ten skips in a day.

Easily the best picker on the ground was a one-armed woman. She picked in one day 11 skips. "There's a knack in it," she said. Even without any knack we sent up 60 tons of peas to a canning factory.

The Only Idler

The only one who had precious little to do was our medical officer, and it must have been idleness which got him into trouble, for more than once he was pounced on by the Air Raid Warden for lighting his pipe in the open after Blackout. He said it was ridiculous, but the warden said it was ten shillings. As he paid out he vowed he would never come again. But if we get the chance again next year, "the Ayes will have it easily."

What Happens to a Great Estate

So great is the toll now levied on the estates of the very rich when they die that by far the greater part of them is now taken in taxation.

Thus, the estate of the eleventh Duke of Bedford, who died in August, is valued at over £4,600,000, and of this the Treasury will take about £3,100,000. So we get:

Estate	£4,600,000
Death Duties	3,100,000
Left to heirs	£1,500,000

If we go back in the history of recent British taxation, it is astonishing to find how enormously the taxing of estates has increased.

The Red Man and the Potlatch

SOME years ago the Canadian Government had to step in to discourage the custom of the "Potlatch" among its Red Indian tribes of the Far North-West.

This custom consisted in the distribution by the chief or some other important person of presents to every member of the tribe, each receiving the same present, whatever its value. On one occasion there was a "potlatch" of imported sewing machines, and such examples of reckless generosity bade fair to

ruin the tribes. The custom has never entirely disappeared, in spite of official frowns, but a migrating tribe of the Athabaskan natives has now modified it in an ingenious way.

This tribe, the Carrier Indians, when they reached the country of the more affluent fishing-tribes of the Pacific Coast, were too poor to imitate the local custom in its fullness, so the Chief, instead of distributing blankets by the dozen as presents, cut up a few blankets and distributed the pieces!

THE WINTER SLEEPERS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

WINTER is here. The great engines of Nature are working silently and invisibly, but we know that they work always toward the spring. We are passing through the gates of winter into the life of spring.

The time is rather solemn away from the hum of the towns. A chance pipe from a very gay bird, a screech from a vagrant jay, a melancholy rasp from a rook going on a hunger march of forty miles—these are but tiny points of sound in a world of silence. The very heart of Nature seems lying still.

The Lesson of Winter

But winter is only sleep, not death; and it is sleep preparing for new life. Nature sleeps like a slumbering volcano. She will burst into life again with all her explosive force of growth and development. The lesson of winter is that, though something is destroyed, something more and better will arise in place of what has vanished. The best is yet to be.

Under her white mantle the impulse of life surges through the upper layer of Mother Earth; and it takes a million forms. Each form struggles to exist, and struggles against tremendous odds. Wonderful are the ways in which the countless members of the living family fight for their existence. Man is mastering Nature, bending her to his will; but the rest of the living world must struggle to exist, resisting winter by sleeping through it, or in some other of a thousand ways adapting itself to the incessant strain of Nature for what is best. Let us look at Nature behind her winter veil.

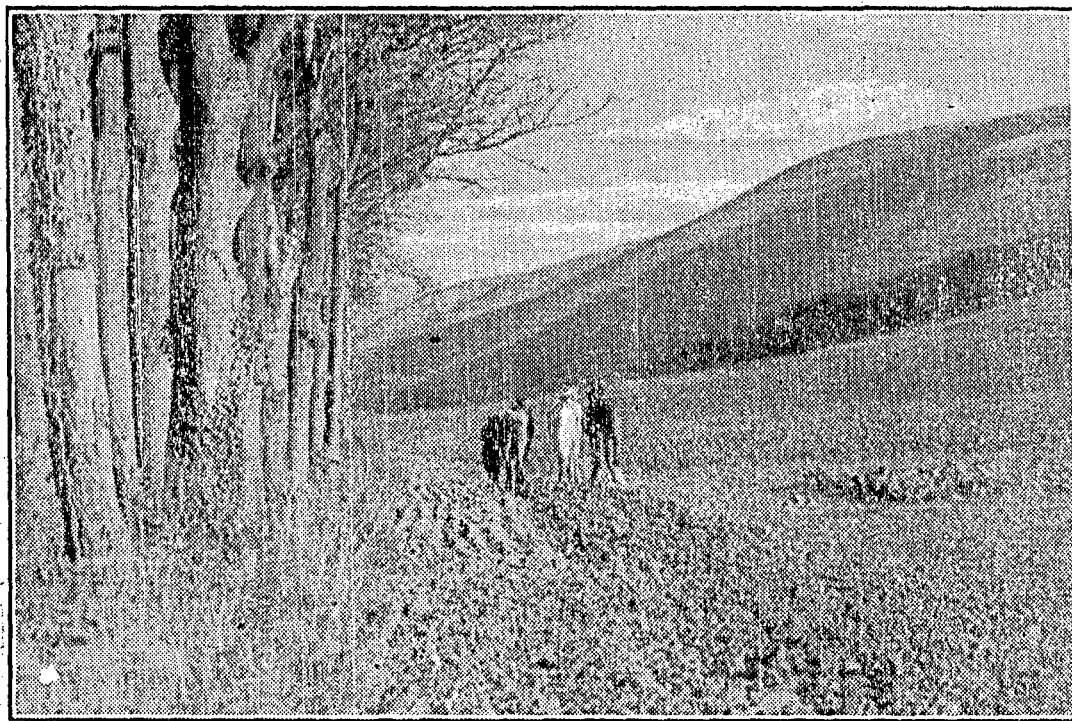
At this moment there is not a male bee or wasp alive in England. A multitude of living animals drooped and died with the leaves which fly and whirl about us. The rest, like the trees, are put to sleep. Nature has an enormous family to put to bed each autumn. She sends us to bed each night to sleep for eight or ten hours, as squirrels sleep for eight or ten weeks, as other animals and reptiles and amphibians sleep for months. We wake in the morning and seek our food; they wake in the spring and seek theirs. There is no more tragedy in the stripped trees than in the slumbering hedgehog. The process is the same. Both sleep.

The Renewal of Youth

We resemble them in all but the long duration of their sleeping time. The trees put off their leaves; we are putting off skin and hair all day and night. All unnoticed, tiny cells are given off by our bodies, like foliage from the trees; our hair grows and falls; our nails become long and must be shortened by cutting or wear. It is all a process of growth, decay, and the renewal of youth.

But we have the best of it. Our blood, constant in temperature, keeps us warm if we eat and work, whatever the weather, so that our year is one of continuous thought, activity, production, cheerful acceptance of responsibility.

This winter-time, and the changes it has brought in our



The very heart of Nature seems lying still

landscape, is a repetition in little of the whole history of life. One notable exception alters the rhythm of ancient days. Man is no longer the simple child of Nature, but an ambitious, unparalleled partner. Every day, little by little, he is diverting the march of natural events from the time-worn course by which they have travelled.

No Two Flowers Are Alike

Where are the flowers that bloomed in last summer's gardens? The perennials are where they were, marking time; the annuals are dead, swept away, changed by the gardener's fire into something new, so that their ashes shall go back to enrich the soil in which they grew for their children. For, though these flowers themselves have run their race and parted from the life that was given them, that life lies sleeping in their seeds, and will rise in due time.

An even more wonderful fact is that something new and strange may be in the new seeds and the flowers that come from them, little changes in colour, in shape, perhaps in perfume, for it is probable that no two flowers in the world are exactly alike—no two men, no two women, no two blades of grass.

That is the way Nature has worked for millions of years. The old must yield place to new; the annuals must die that their seeds may live; the good must surrender their position to the better.

The winter scene throughout the earth is typical of her processes. Nature destroys in order to build better; man seeks to build better and not to destroy; but Nature would destroy even man if he did not resist.

But man does resist; we can have our lives at a price. Nature plays a thrilling hide-and-seek with us. She will reveal her secrets if we diligently seek them; and having taken us into her confidence, she is fair; she gives us health and comfort in exchange for the efforts we make to understand and command her secrets.

We have to understand Nature's way. She destroys to build up, ever and ever anew. She destroys a mountain to fertilise a valley; she rends a volcano and sends its dust coursing through the air to collect moisture in the skies and bear rain to a waterless land. Yet her mightiest plans are wrought by tiny powers, by ministers invisible to human sight. Her officers of efficiency can be packed 25,000 to an inch.

Mother Nature has one idea for the running of life, and that idea of life is what we call *Death*. She has made us all dependent on death for life.

She brings teeming life into being, life which begets life in unending generations. She cannot maintain it all upon the earth. There must be room for the new, and the old must go. Life renews itself everlastingly; but the solid form of the individual must vanish.

There is a lion for every giraffe and zebra; there is a leopard for the antelope. There is a cat for the rat and a young bird for the cat. There are birds and animals and whole orders of insects to lay trees low. There is a fire for the forest, a lichen for the rock, a fungus for the timber, a beetle for the choicest wood that hands can carve, a moth for the fairest silk fabric. Lower still, as the ruin falls, more potent become the agents of destruction. The jackal feeds where the leopard has satisfied himself; the hyena cracks the bones the lion has rasped.

The Bacteria

But lion and leopard, jackal and hyena, fall; dead animals litter the jungle and the plain and pollute the air that life must breathe. There is a porcupine at the tusks of the dead elephant; there is a rodent turned flesh-eater at the decaying carcass of a bison on the prairie. When these fall dead beside their carrion the chief ministers of the State of Life begin their task.

These are the bacteria. They set up the putrefaction with which dissolution starts. They

may create disease in doing their work, but what they have to do they do right thoroughly. Until man came into power that was Nature's only way of keeping the world clean and open for the rising of new life.

Man has another way. He banishes the jackal and invents sanitation. He has created a code of health altogether at variance with that on which Nature has based her scheme of life for millions of years.

When she sets bacteria to level us to the earth we turn against her with our antiseptics. When she turns smallpox against us we have ourselves vaccinated as a precaution.

LIVING ENOUGH The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. I saw the other day a very amusing estimate of how we pass our lives. The writer pointed out that if a man lived to be sixty he had passed twenty years or more in sleep, so that he had really enjoyed only forty years of conscious life.

Man. And then, I suppose, he went on to estimate time lost in tedious travel, or in mere waiting for things to happen or to begin, or in paying unnecessary visits, and so on.

Boy. Yes; and so he worked out that we have to waste at least half our lives either in unconsciousness or in conscious boredom.

Man. The brevity of life is a fact, but don't forget that its true length is measured by achievement. The Roman philosopher Seneca pointed out 2,000 years ago that our care should be not so much to live long as to *live enough*.

Boy. But how can one live enough when so few years are given us?

Man. Easily answered. The true estimate of life is to be found not in years, but in actions; not in mere length of days, but in good work accomplished.

Boy. But doesn't hard work shorten life?

Man. By no means. Even the mere count of years is lengthened by the exertion of our faculties. Good physical and mental health goes with constant exercise. But that is to forget the main point,

Our sturdy trees resemble us in that they refuse to die when she lashes them with icy blasts. The annuals sink to death with the insects. Four months cover all the marvels of the life of a bee; a day is eternity to a mayfly; a few days see the birth and death of a butterfly; two months of raging energy wear out the dragonfly. Very soon their little lives are rounded with a sleep. And so, too, the year of the tree is rounded with a sleep, yet, like ourselves in the morning, the tree wakes in the spring and renews its youth and beauty, and all the wonder of its matchless work.

Man Conquers Nature

It is all wonderful; it is splendid to see how death is thrust back from the abodes of life. Our dormice are deep in dreamless slumber now, but the mice have summer warmth in our houses. They eat, drink, and are merry through the year, because they have had the bold sense to come indoors and change their winter into summer. Up in the North today Shetland ponies are eating seaweed; up in Iceland their Viking kindred are munching frozen cod for their winter food. The reindeer are nibbling lichen from the rocks; the marmots are asleep in their fastnesses among the hills.

All these have faced their problems of life and won them. But all these have won their way to mere existence; they creep through winter safely. Man alone fights Nature and conquers her. We grapple destiny and triumph over it, and so we view our winter scene with quiet content. Among the nodding trees and the deep silence of the winter sluggards, we alone are waking, masters of our fate.

which is to *live enough*. Study the lives of great men, and you will be amazed to find how much they accomplished in a few years. Some of them were gifted with lives long in point of time, but what we mark and esteem in their records is not years but deeds. We do not say of a great man *he lived long*; we say *he accomplished much*.

Boy. And so lives on!

Man. I am glad you added that. Yes, his brief years pass, but his work endures and grows, inspiring new generations to accomplishment. Think of the Roman saying, *Life is brief, Art is enduring*. It is the poets and philosophers, the thinkers and writers, the builders and statesmen, the painters and carvers, the seekers and finders, the unwearied pursuers of science, who make living an art, and whose years are beyond the count of time. There is no death for the man who has truly lived; no regret for time wasted.

Boy. But we cannot all be great men.

Man. We may not have very great gifts, but don't forget what I once said to you about the gifts each one of us possesses. We may not be privileged to originate a great idea, or to add conspicuously to the common stock of life, but this at least we can all do—we can bear the torch lit for us by the noble dead, and keep it brightly burning. So we shall find life an enduring happiness.



In this picture 20 famous characters from Charles Dickens's novels are shown. Do you know them all? The list will be given next week

TWO BAD HABITS

FIRST MAN: "Jones is a clever worker, but rather dilatory."
Second Man: "Yes, and also he is inclined to put off till tomorrow things that should be done today."

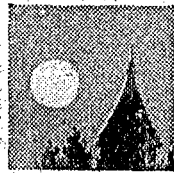
Puzzle Letters

THREE letters these rivers proclaim;
 Three letters an ode give to fame;
 Three letters an attribute name;
 Three letters a compliment claim.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south; and in the morning Venus and Mars are in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 p.m. on Monday, January 13.



Tired of Pottmans

THERE is a delightful entry in the parish register of Tunstall in Kent, dealing with a very large family called Pottman, which had many branches and many children. The clergyman seems to have got thoroughly weary of perpetually having to enter the births, deaths, and marriages of Pottmans, many of whom bore the same Christian name. He thus ends matters.

1557. Mary Pottman, nat. and bap., 15 Apr.

Mary Pottman, n. and b. 29 Jan.
 Mary Pottman sep. 22 Aug. 1567.
 From henceforward, I omit the Pottmans!

A MAN

ONE who in thought,
 Also in deed,
 Can help and pity
 Others in need.

One who is just,
 Gentle, and kind,
 Seeking the good
 In all to find.

One who is brave
 In care and strife,
 Holding honour
 Greater than life.

One who values
 True friendship's name
 Before either
 Riches or fame.

One who can say
 When the goal is near:
 I have done my best;
 I do not fear.

Hidden Mountains

If the letters here are arranged in the right order the names of seven famous mountains will appear: ixotpacó, traaar, ngunjarf.

Answer next week

Something Wrong Somewhere

ARITHMETIC, we are told, is the science of truth, but figures lead us to curious results sometimes.

For instance, if one man can build a shed in ten days, ten men can build it in one day. Then 240 men will build it in an hour, 14,400 in one minute, and 864,000 in one second. As a matter of fact, they could not drive one nail in that time.

Then again, if one ship can cross the Atlantic in seven days, seven ships can cross it in one day! It is difficult to believe that.

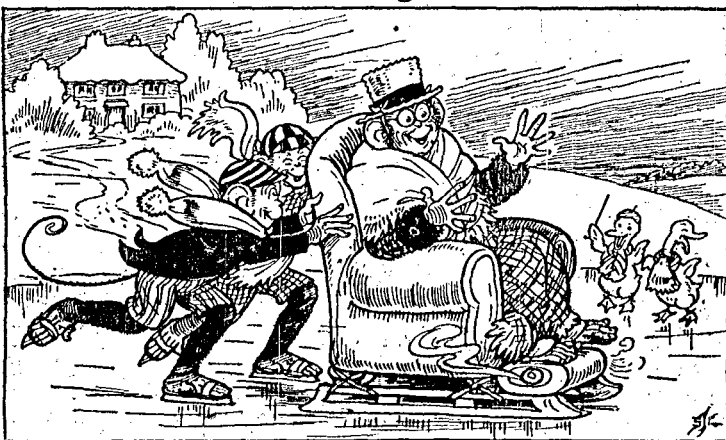
AN EASY TRICK

PLACE three pennies side by side on a table with a little space between, and then offer to remove the middle one from the centre without touching it. You do this by simply picking up one of the outside pennies and placing it on the other side, so that what was the middle penny is now on the outside.

WEATHER WISDOM

WHEN the weather is wet
 We must not fret;
 When the weather is dry
 We must not cry;
 When the weather is cold
 We must not scold;
 When the weather is warm
 We must not storm;
 But be thankful together,
 Whatever the weather.

Jacko's Bright Idea



JACKO thought it would be a good idea to take Grandpa for a run on the frozen pond. So with Chimp's help he fastened runners to the old gentleman's armchair and off they set. Grandpa declared he had never enjoyed anything so much in his life.

John Grolier's Books

JOHN GROLIER, the secretary of Francis the First of France, was well known for his love of science and letters. He was the owner of a fine library, and was so ready to let others enjoy its wealth of literature that the covers of all his books bore the words: I belong to Grolier and his friends.

Do You Live at Warrington?

WARRINGTON was formerly spelt Walintune, and means the town of Waling, or the foreigner. It often gets changed into r, and this is what happened with the name Warrington. Probably the site of the town was once occupied by a well-known foreigner or by a settlement of strangers.

How Haydn Wrote His Name

JOSEPH HAYDN, the father of the symphony, first made instrumental music an independent art. A Croatian by birth, he began and ended his career in Vienna, and there wrote most of his quartettes and his oratorio The Creation; but it was in England, which he visited late in life, that his genius was first fully recognised. Haydn was born in 1732 and died in 1809. This is how he wrote his name:

Joseph Haydn

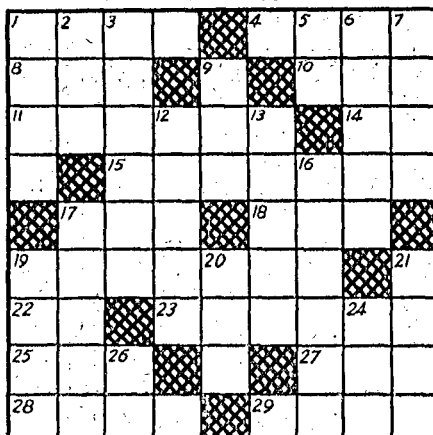
Epitaph on James Peck

HERE lies a Peck which some men say
 Was first of all a Peck of clay;
 This, wrought with skill divine while fresh,
 Became a curious Peck of flesh;
 Through various forms its Maker ran,
 Then, adding breath, made Peck a man.
 Full sixty years Peck felt life's bubbles,
 Till Death relieved a Peck of troubles.
 Thus fell poor Peck, as all things must,
 And here he lies, a Peck of dust.

Reading Across. 1 Use this when dressing your hair. 4 Plant used for making rope. 8 A ballad. 10 A starting-point in certain games. 11 Apprehension. 14 Egyptian sun god. 15 To endanger. 17 A hackney carriage. 18 If you would get on get out of this. 19 The modulation of the voice in reading. 22 A Jack Tar. 23 A close-fitting jacket. 25 As — as a fox. 27 A kind of vase. 28 A new one begins this month. 29 To run away.

Reading Down. 1 London is built on this. 2 This propels a barge. 3 An immense indefinite number. 5 French for and. 6 Worth. 7 What church bells did in happier days. 9 A poisonous snake. 12 A glowing piece of wood. 13 A cask of 42 gallons. 16 Mournful. 17 A very strong rope. 19 To throw. 20 Fresh. 21 The white-tailed sea-eagle. 24 Before. 28 Year.*

Half-Hour Cross Word



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks. Answer next week

THE BOX OF SOLDIERS

"HERE is a beautiful box of soldiers," said a father to his little boy, "but I am not going to let you have the present till you can tell me how many soldiers there are in the box."

"But how can I know without seeing them?" asked the boy.
 "Well," said his father, "you can work it out. If you place them three in a row there will be one over; if four in a row, two over; if five in a row, three over; if six in a row, four over; and there are fewer than a hundred."

How many soldiers were there?
 Answer next week

LOST

A VENTURESOME schoolgirl of Gloucester
 Was chased by a wild bull, which
 toucester;
 She went up so high
 Through the clouds in the sky
 That her friends down in Gloucester
 have lousester.

Slow Progress

TWO women had been having a long talk in the street, but at last one of them broke off the conversation with a jerk.

"Well, Mrs. Brown, I must be getting along now to the plumber," she said. "My husband's at home with his thumb on a burst pipe waiting till he comes."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Heading. Golf, croquet, tennis, association football, fives, archery, hockey, basketball, Rugby football, lacrosse, leapfrog, cricket.

A Riddle in Rhyme. Tennyson

Pig Puzzle, 14

Changing Initial. Bear, tear, Lear, pear, year, rear, fear, dear, near.

BEDTIME CORNER

The Boy From London

JOAN had just had the misfortune to send her ball down the area steps of the Big House when "that horrid London boy" who had come to stay with them came prancing round the corner.

Joan pushed open the area gate and ran down the steps to retrieve her ball. Suddenly there was a click behind her, and when she got up to the top again the gate was locked!

Joan's face was pink with vexation. "Let me out!" she demanded, stamping her feet. But the young rascal only laughed and waved the key in her face.

Just then the doctor's car swished round the corner, and, catching sight of Joan's flushed face behind the iron railings, he pulled up. "What's wrong?" he called.

But he needn't have asked, for the big key that Jack was flourishing told the tale.

It was the boy's turn to flush. Slowly he went up to the gate and unlocked it.

"Like a run?" smiled the doctor, opening the door of the car.

Both children ran forward, but it was to Joan he spoke, and when she had jumped in he pulled the door to.

Jack's face fell. He looked so disappointed that Joan cried impatiently: "Oh! Can't he come too? He—he was only teasing," she added.

The car door swung open once more, and they were off. And the strange thing is, from that day "that horrid boy" was Joan's best friend.



WISE MOTHERS FIGHT COLDS THIS WAY

Mother—the real reason why so many children catch colds is because their systems are sluggish—not as active and regular as they should be. And a sluggish system is an ideal breeding ground for cold and flu germs.

So take this precaution today. Get a bottle of the remarkable "natural" remedy, 'California Syrup of Figs.' Give a teaspoonful to your child once or twice a week. By doing this you keep the system active and healthy, and help purify the blood as a defence against nasty colds. Pure, rich blood is a child's best guard against colds. And 'California Syrup of Figs' is the ideal laxative and blood purifier for a child. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Children love it.

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